### A MIDSUMMER RAMBLE.

BY NINETTE M. LOWATER.

The sun had sunk in glory
  Far in the west away,
The moon's soft silver radiance
  Was fairer than the day.
My love and I were walking
  Adown the grassy lane,
When through the gathering darkness
  There came a cry of pain.

"O listen!" cried my darling,
  "Is it some suffering soul
Which long has borne its sorrows
  'Til they defy control?
Is it some mourner, weeping
  In misery forlorn?"
"O, no, my love," I answered,
  "It is the big brass horn!"

ROCK ELM, Wis.

## BILL HEMPSEY'S RECITAL

BY OPIE P. READ.

WHEN Bill Hempsey married Tal Harwell there was great surprise in the Nubbin Ridge neighborhood. Bill was worthy of respect and was respected; he was worthy of confidence and had been intrusted with a county office, yet when he married Tal Harwell there was heard, at every turn, murmurs of astonishment.

Tal was a beautiful girl, and was much younger than Bill; her form, untrained by any art, but with a woodslike wildness of development, was of exquisite grace, and her hair was of gentle waviness, like the ripples of a sun-ray-catching rivulet.

Handsome young fellows—Ned Royston, whose bottom field of corn was this year the finest in the neighborhood, and Phil Hightower, who had just built a new double log-house, chinked and daubed, paid devoted court to the beauty, but when old Bill came along—old Bill with a scar over one eye where a steer kicked him years ago—and asked her to marry him, she shook off the mischievous airs of the beauty, took up the serious expression of a thoughtful woman and consented.

Bill owned a little old log house, stuck up on the side of a hill, and though viewed from the country road it might have seemed a dreary place, yet standing in the back door, Bill could look down and see the wild plum bushes bending over the crystal water of the creek—could see a green meadow far down the stream and could hear the song of the rain crow.

Several years passed. The gossips reluctantly agreed that Bill and his wife

"YOU'VE ABOUT FORGOT ME, HAINT YOU, TAL?"

were happy, that is, reasonably happy, for the gossips never submit to a complete surrender. One day while Bill was away from home Ned Royston came to the house. Tal came in when she heard footsteps, and upon seeing the visitor stood wiping her hands on her apron. She had been washing, and a bubble of suds on her hair, catching a ray of light, flashed like a diamond.

"You've about forgot me, hain't you, Tal—Miz Hempsey?"

"No, how could I forget you when I see you at church nearly every Sunday? Sit down."

"Yes, you see me," Ned replied, seating himself, "but as you never speak to me I 'lowed that you had dun fergot me."

"I never forget a friend."

"Much obliged. You look tired; sit down yourse'f." She sat down. Ned continued:

"You do a good deal of hard work, don't you?"

"No more than any other woman, I reckon."

"You do more than I'd let my wife do."

"Yes, all men talk that way before they are married."

"And some of them mean what they say, Tal—or Miz Hempsey."

"But the majority of them do not."

"I know one that does. Tal, if you had married me you never would had to work none."

"You let your mother work."

"Yes, but I wouldn't let you work. I wish you had married me, Tal, for I ain't been happy a single hour sence you told me that you wouldn't, not a single one. I uster be fonder of persimmon puddin' than anybody, but I ain't eat narry one sence you 'lowed that you couldn't marry me. Tell me, Tal, air you happy?"

"Happy as most women, I reckon."

"But most women ain't happy."

"Mebby not."

A short silence followed; Ned twisted his hat round and round. Tal wiped her hands on her apron.

"Tal—you don't care if I call you Tal, do you?"

"No, I am not particular."

"But you wouldn't let everybody call you by your first name, would you?"

"No."

"Tal."

"Well."

"Do you know what I've been thinking about ever sence I saw you at meetin' last Sunday?"

"How am I to know what you've been thinkin' about? Hardly know sometimes what I'm thinkin' about myse'f."

"Would you like to know what I've been thinkin' about, Tal?"

She sat twisting her apron; a cat purred about the legs of her chair. A chicken, singing the lazy song of "laying time," hopped up into the doorway. "Shoo," she cried. "The chickens are about to take the place."

"But that ain't got nothin' to do with what I've been thinkin' nor about you wantin' to know it. Do you wanter know?"

"You may tell me if you want to."

"Sho' 'nuff?"

"Yes, if it ain't bad."

"Oh, it ain't bad." He untwisted his hat, straightened it out by pulling it down on his head, took it off, and, beginning to twist it again, said:

"I've been thinkin' that you warn't happy livin' with a man that don't 'preciate you—hold on now, let me get through." She had moved impatiently. "Man that don't 'preciate you; and I've been thinkin' that I would come over here and—and ask you to run away with me. Wait, Tal—please wait." She had sprung to her feet. "Just listen to me a minit. Folks uster think you was happy, but they know you ain't now. Tal, please wait a minute. You won't tell Bill, will you? Oh, you won't do that. I know. We understand each other, Tal, don't we? Tal, oh, Tal——" She was hastening

"HELLO, MEN!" BILL SHOUTED.

down the slope toward the wild-plum bushes. "Don't say anything," he shouted. "Don't, for if you do there'll be trouble."

"What's the matter, little girl?" Bill asked that evening as he was eating his supper.

"Nothin'."

"You don't 'pear to be as bright as usual."

"I thought I was."

"But you ain't. Thar's some new calico in my saddle-bags that'll make you as putty a dress as you ever seed. Got red and yaller spots on it that shines like a sunflower. Look here, little gal, thar's somethin' the matter with you and you needn't say thar ain't. Come here now." He shoved his chair back from the table and took her on his lap. "You know thar's somethin' wrong, now, and you air jest tryin' to fool me. I haven't done nothin' to hurt your feelin's, have I?"

"No."

"Then what's the matter? Oh, don't cry that way." She sobbed on his shoulder. "You'll make me think that I ain't the right sort of a husband, if you keep on. Mebbe I ain't, too. I'm gettin' old and grizzly, and I ain't good-lookin' nohow, while you 'pear to git puttier and puttier every day."

"Bill," she said, putting her arms around his neck, "you mustn't talk—you mustn't think that way. You air the best man that ever lived, and if you'll promise not to get mad I'll tell you what ails me."

"Law me, child, I couldn't git mad if I wanted to."

She told him; he sat for a few moments in a silence of deep meditation, and then, with a brightening countenance, said cheerfully:

"Why, that ain't nothin to git mad about, chile. It's all right; and let me tell you that any man after seein' you a few times is bound to love you, and I reckon he would be willin' to run away with you. Why, bless my life, I'd run away with you in a minit, er haw, haw! No, indeed, honey, you kain't blame the pore feller for that."

"An I you won't say anything to him about it?"

"Law me, child, I'll never mention it to him; never in the world, so don't give yourself no uneasiness."

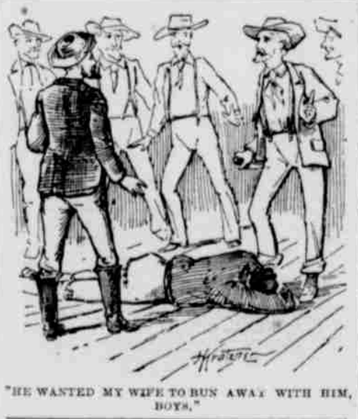
* * * * * *

A chilling rain was falling. Several men, including Ned Royston, were sitting in Bob Talbot's store.

"Yander comes Bill Hempsey," said Talbot, looking out.

Ned Royston moved uneasily in his chair.

"Hello, men!" Bill shouted, as he stepped up into the door and began to



"HE WANTED MY WIFE TO RUN AWAY WITH HIM, BOYS."

stamp the mud off his feet. "Sorter saft outside. Hi, Bob; glad to see you lookin' so well. Hi, Ned, and hi, all hands."

"We're always glad to see you," Ned spok up, "fur we know that you allus fetch good humor along with you. Don't make no diffunce how rainy or how dry—no diffunce whuther the corn's clean or in the grass, you air allus the same."

"Glad you think so, Ned."

"We all jine him in thinking so," said Talbot.

"Much obleeged." He stood leaning against the counter, and, moving his hand carelessly, touched a rusty cheese-knife. "Bob, what do you keep sich a onery-looking knife as this for?"

"Sharp enough to cut cheese with, I reckon, Bill."

"Yes, but that's about all. Hand me that whetrock over ther and let me whet the point. Blamed if I haven't got to be doin' somethin' all the time. Wall, fellers, I seed suthin' 'tother week, while I was down in Knoxville, that laid over anything I ever did see before. I went to a theater. Ever at one, Ned?"

"No, don't believe I was."

"Wall, now if you've ever been at one you'd know it." Bill replied, industriously whetting the point of the knife. "Why, it knocks a school exhibition sillier than a scorched pup. I never did see sich a show."

"Any hosses in it?" Bob Talbot asked.

"Oh, no, it all tuck place in a house. I'll tell you how it was [still whetting the knife]. It was playin', regular pertend-like, but it looked mighty natral. It 'pears that a ruther old feller had married a ruther young gal [he put the whetstone on the counter]; a powerful putty gal, too. Wall, one time when the old feller wa'n't about the house, a young chap that had wanted to marry her a good while before, he come in and got to talkin' to her, and the upshot was that he wanted her to run away with him."

"No," said Bob Talbot.

"Yes, sir," continued old Bill, "wanted her to run smack smooth away with him. Wall, she told her husband, but he sorter laughed, he did, and 'lowed that he didn't blame the feller much. But the fun come after this. The old feller—stand up here, Ned, and let me show you. Hang it, stand up; don't pull back like a shyin' hoss. The old feller got him a knife 'bout like this, and he went into a room whar the young feller was. Now, you stand right thar. He walks in this way, and neither one of them says a word, but stood and looked at each other 'bout like we are doin', but all at once the old feller lifts up the knife this way and—*Thar, you damned scoundel!*"

He plunged the knife into Ned Royston's breast—buried the blade in the fellow's bosom, and, as he pulled it out, while Royston lay on the floor, dead, he turned to his terror-stricken friends, and exclaimed:

"He wanted my wife to run away with him, boys!

"If you wanter hang me, I'll tie the rope.

"You don't? Then good-by, and God bless you."

#### Millions of Them.

The breakage of lamp chimneys represents the consumption of that article The lamp chimney business, therefore is of considerable importance to the public.

There are innumerable styles of lamp chimneys on the market—large, small and medium size; long, short, round flat and twisted; thin, thick, narrow broad, square, globular, scalloped, colored, spotted. They even manufacture combinations of chimneys and globes while every year brings into the market half a dozen or more of new styles of chimneys. Every new lamp requires a special chimney.

Nine-tenths of the chimneys made in this country are manufactured at Pittsburg, and most of the remainder are made at Steubenville, O., while a very few are made in the natural gas regions.

The majority of small ones are imported. Wherever the material in a lamp chimney is of greater cost than the labor the chimney is imported, and vice versa.

All the shapes used in this country are of American design, but are manufactured abroad and brought here and sold at much less than they could be produced here. It is its labor that figures in the cost of manufacture more than material.

The odd shapes are all molded, while the ordinary shapes are blown and are made of lead glass and lime glass, both in this and the old country. There is a feature that the casual observer would not notice in selecting a lamp chimney with a square top. Two chimneys of almost identical appearance are placed side by side, one of which commands a higher price. A close observation shows that the top and bottom of one is rough, while the other is polished and smooth. The smooth one possesses double the durability of the rough one. The rough one is cut off and cooled, while the other is polished. Only the best quality of glass can be polished this way.

People make a great mistake in imagining that a heavy chimney is more durable than a thin one. This is not the fact. The thin chimney is far more durable because of its expansion and contraction being more regular.

The non-breakable chimney, which is made chiefly in Illinois, is non-breakable in name more so than in reality, though it is much more durable than the ordinary chimney. The difference in the price, however, does not warrant its purchase on the score of economy, hence very few are sold. The best grade of chimney is known as the pearl top, which is made like any other chimney, but while hot has a crimped ring welded to the top, while the ordinary crimped top is merely placed in a mold and shaped while hot.

These chimneys are much less liable to break than the others and are considered well worth the one-third more in price. The great demand of to-day is for fancy tops.

There are also a great many chimneys used on gas burners. On the shelves of a first-class lamp store can be found fifty separate and distinct styles of lamp chimneys, while every grocery in the country handles them, mostly the common grades.

#### A Shrewd Irish Boy.

Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish orator, when taking a ride in the neighborhood of his house, had occasion to ask an urchin to open a gate for him. The little fellow complied with much alacrity, and looked up with such an honest pleasure at rendering the slight service that O'Connell, by way of saying something—anything—asked:

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Daniel O'Connell, sir," replied he, stoutly.

"And who's your father?" demanded the astonished Liberator.

"Daniel O'Connell, sir."

O'Connell muttered a word or two below his breath, and then added aloud:

"When I see you again I'll give you sixpence."

Riding briskly on, he soon forgot the incident, and fell to thinking of graver matters, when, after traveling some miles, he found his path obstructed by some fallen timber, which a boy was stoutly endeavoring to remove. On looking more closely, he discovered it to be the same boy he had met in the morning.

"What!" cried he, "how do you come to be here now?"

"You said, sir, the next time you seen me, you'd give me sixpence," said the little fellow, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"Here it is," said Daniel; you are my son—never a doubt of it."

---

ON a sun-dial which stands upon the pier of Brighton is inscribed this most hopeful line: "'Tis always morning somewhere in the world."

---

WHEN the Israelites fell into idolatry they worshiped Baal, but it wasn't straw-bail. They insisted on sufficient security.

## WILL BEAT THE WORLD.

### A DESCRIPTION OF CHICAGO'S GREAT MASONIC TEMPLE.

**Matchless Home of Freemasonry—A Massive Eighteen-Storied Structure to Be Erected by the Masonic Temple Association—It Will Be the Tallest Building in the World.**

THE taking out of a building permit to erect a $2,000,000 Masonic Temple at State and Randolph streets marked the practical beginning of a structure which gives promise of being the most notable of the great buildings of Chicago, and among the most notable in the world, says the Chicago *Tribune*. The projectors announce their intention of putting up a building which of its kind shall be matchless. The plans so far as matured will bear out their assertions.

The project for a great Masonic Temple which should be a center where every Masonic body in Cook County might gather, has long been an ambition of enthusiastic local Masons. The first positive step toward the realization of the scheme was taken about five months ago. The block fronting on the east side of State street, between Randolph street and Burton place, was bought. This purchase was closed March 14, $830,000 being paid for the property.

There have been some vexatious questions of title, and some delays in the organization of the corporation and the closing of subscriptions to the capital stock, but those matters have been practically settled, and the way is clear to the erection of the building.

The plans for the building are not yet fully completed. Little more than the exterior has been drawn, and that may be changed. Burnham & Root re the architects.

a The most important point settled is that the structure will be the highest building in the world. It will have eighteen stories, and the roof will be 240 feet from the pavement. The ground dimensions will be 170x114 feet. The structure will be entirely of steel. What the exterior facing will be is not yet decided. It may be terra cotta, stone, or a special brick made for this particular building. In any case, the exterior will be but a fireproofing, not bearing any part of the weight of the building. If it were not for the danger of fire from surrounding buildings, the whole exterior would be of steel.

The novel feature of the interior will be the plan for having retail shops located on several floors. In the basement will be the largest restaurant in the city. It will occupy all the basement floor except what may be necessary for storage room for the retail shops above. The restaurant will be finished elaborately in marble.

The entrance to the main building will be from State street. It will be forty-two feet high and thirty-feet wide. This will lead into a rotunda having an area of 3,700 square feet and open to the extreme height of the building, finished all the way up to the 240-foot roof with plate-glass and marble. There will be a tesselated Roman floor.

At the back of this rotunda will be the elevators, eighteen in number, set in a semi-circle.

On the first floor will be elaborate waiting-rooms. An ornate marble staircase will lead to the basement. All the stores facing State and Randolph streets will also have entrances from the rotunda.

The seventeenth and eighteenth floors will be devoted exclusively to Masonic bodies. There will be a great hall in which the whole Grand Lodge may be maneuvered in drill, and there will be many lodge-rooms. A gallery will extend around the large hall.

The location is especially favorable to the erection of the tallest building in the city. It is a part of the old Fort Dearborn addition, and was originally some fourteen feet higher than the land west and south. While the surface at this point is natural blue clay, the surface of the streets west and south have been graded up fourteen feet. On this account it is thought that this particular location offers an unexcelled foundation for so high a building.

THE MASONIC TEMPLE.

#### Friedrichsruh.

Friedrichsruh, the place to which Prince Bismarck has retired, is a little hamlet about fifteen miles to the southeast of Hamburg. It lies in the heart of the Sachsenwald forest, a large estate given to the Prince by the Emperor William I. in 1871, shortly after the close of the Franco-Prussian war. Since that time it has been his favorite summer home, where, set free from the turmoil of public affairs, he could devote himself to the congenial pursuits of a farmer.

More congenial than were his duties as a Chancellor, if his wife is to be trusted. She is reported to have said at a Parliamentary reception, "A turnip interests my husband very much more than all your politics."

The house, formerly a small inn much frequented by hunting-parties, stands on the edge of a little park, inclosed on two sides by a red brick wall, on the third by a thick hedge, while a little stream runs in front. It is two-storied and painted yellow, with a long, dimly lighted entry running through the middle from which rooms open on either side.

One of these is the Prince's workroom, and contains a large cupboard arranged as a writing desk, and bountifully stocked with paper, envelopes and writing materials sent as presents from all parts of Germany. The study is a large apartment opening upon the park and connecting with his bedroom, while above are the chambers occupied by his wife and daughter.

It has been the habit of the Prince to begin the day very early, frequently going out at dawn to oversee his farmhands. After a slight breakfast, taken alone, he works in his study for several hours, and then, after a walk or drive, has a second breakfast or lunch, at which his family and any guests visiting in the house are present. During this meal Bismarck is busied reading and annotating the dispatches and telegrams which have been received during the morning, and as soon as it is over he immediately retires again to his study.

Before dinner he takes another outing, and in the evening smokes a pipe in the common sitting-room; but even here, if we may trust the account of one who has been at Friedrichsruh, he rarely talks, and his companions only converse together in whispers.

He has no near neighbors, though a little village stands not far from the entrance to the park. Here are to be found the forest rangers, a few railroad employes and workmen, together with a blacksmith, a tailor and a miller. The chief man of the village is Prince Bismarck's head forester and bailiff, and is apparently a most congenial companion, although their conversation is invariably about the farm and the stock.

#### A Fee for the Minister.

Rev. Smith Baker, while in Saco last week, told of an experience he once had while holding a pastorate near Bangor. There was a well-to-do farmer who lived on the opposite bank of the Penobscot from Mr. Baker's residence who, one spring when the ice on the river was breaking up, lost a daughter. Mr. Baker was asked to officiate at the funeral, which he did, being obliged to hire a horse and carriage to make the journey, the nearest bridge being some distance up the river. Nothing was said about paying him either for his services or his expenses. A little while afterwards another death occurred in the family. Mr. Baker was again asked to conduct the services, which he did, this time hiring a man to row him across the river; and again with no mention of compensation. The next spring the farmer's mother passed away. Mr. Baker was obliged to make the journey as he did the first time, by carriage. This time the farmer went to Mr. Baker and said: "Mr. Baker, you have been very kind to come over here to conduct these funerals at such an expense to you, and I feel that it is asking altogether too much. I want to pay you something. So next fall when the apples are ripe you drive around and you can help yourself from my orchard."—*Lewiston Journal.*

## LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

### The Party at Thomas Jefferson's.

NECK OR NOTHIN HALL,
KILKENNY CORNERS.

MI. EDITUR: Mis Boggs cut up real cantankerous fur a few days, but she coodn't walk a paig, an Cruckshin cum to see her every mornin, an finely she got sum better, an we went over to Thomas Jefferson's.

Thay hev everything awful handy to his house, the pump an cistern both in to the kitching, an his wife Cyntha is a awful clever womin.

"We're a goin to hev a party whilst yu're hear," ses Cyntha.

"O, goody!" ses the widder, "an I've wore my new gobbler-red, an Iky will be shore to purpose!"

"Thet's all you think about, is jest sumbuddy a purposin," ses Willam Henery, who hed kim in in time to here her.

She slung the deesh rag at him an it struck him dib on the bald spot on his hed.

"Je fuz! Sal, you kin hit a feller in the most inconvenient places I ever seen," ses he, a wipin the greecy water off on his banana.

"Well, behave yer self then," ses she.

"How'd you no maw will invite yur feller," ses Paigy, thet is Cyntha's second gal.

"O! you will arsk him, won't you, Cynt," ses she, awful anxious, "fur he's jest reddy to purpose, I no he is, an on less you wunt me to go to my grave a widder, you'll arsk him," an she sithed so Cyntha finely sed she gessed she wood invite him, tho she hadn't intended to invite enny strangers.

The nite of the party wus a awful nasty, rainy nite, fur it were a gittin' along tord fall then, an the wether wus vary uncerting.

But thay wus quite a cumpany thare fur all. Mister Cruckshin cum, an he brung ther tall, raw-boned womin with the red nose thet hed wanted to dance with him, an the widder purtneer dide o' jelousy.

"O, the duble-faced scoundrel!" ses she, a chankin her teeth. "O, I jest wush I hed my hans into his whuskers onet, ef I didn't make him holler. "An to think I wus the meens o' fetchin em together, and arfter me a invitin him to the party fur my own cumpany. O, the vile deceever!"

But it didn't do no good to storm an rave about it, so we went back into the parler, an purty quick Thomas Jefferson kim an tuck my arm an led me away up in frunt of o the cumpany, whare Wm. Henry wus a settin, an ses he:

"My deer Paw an Maw, purmit me to pursent you eech with sum presents frum yure 4 suns. Hear is a pair of gold-bowed specks, from me an Cyntha, an hear is youre forty grafs, frum Martin an his wife, an hear is a new dress fur maw and a pair o boots fur paw, frum Milly and his wife, in speshal membry of the bugglers you slew, an here is a order fur a barl o shuger frum George an his wife to sweaten you up, you see!"

O, but I wus sprised, an every buddy laffed an I kindy put my hed behind Willam Henery an cride a leetle mite to think my boys thot so much of us.

"Cum, ladies, O now be reesinable," I heard Cruckshin a sayin, an I ccod here the widder an the otherin a jawin. "You think cos you've hed 4 min thet you must hev all of em, an I hain't never hed not a one," ses she. "I don't wunder at et yure so humbly," ses the widder, "an pore'r nor a church mouse in to the bargin, but I'd hev you to no thet Mr. Cruckshin is my cumpany," an the othern made a grab fur Sally, but we seperated em an he tuck her away. Then we hed supper, but I coodn't eat mutch on account o' the presents I'd got takin' my applecart, but it jist seamed to hev made Wm. Henery hongrey; but we went to our last sun's the next day. So good bye.

HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

### WISE AND WITTY.

[From the Ram's Horn.]

Never trade mules with a man who can't whistle.

Shrouds had no pockets, and they went out of style.

You may find ecstatic joy in the dream of hope, but it takes money to go to market.

Prosperity and prudence are spelled differently, but they generally mean about the same thing.

If there is anything harder to find than a tramp with poor digestion, it is a woman without nerves.

If a woman had as many rights as wrongs, the world would soon appear to whirl a good deal faster than it does.

The Irish potato has probably done more to make this a great and glorious country than the average Congressman.

Thought in marble stands the wear and tear of time for a long while, but thought in spring poetry is not so fortunate.

The velocity of light has been pretty closely measured, but the flight of a skipping cashier still remains a problem of unknown fleetness.

Greek is the language for poetry; French for love, and Italian for music; but a man with a shirt collar that doesn't fit is the same helpless being in all.

A means of putting down carpet without the use of tacks has been invented. And yet some people think that the earth is cooling down and losing motion.

#### Sure Result of Exposure.

Mrs. Pennifeather—Goodness gracious! I wonder what in the world has become of my tarts?

Mr. Pennifeather—Where did you put them?

Mrs. Pennifeather—Right on the windowsill, here.

Mr. Pennifeather—That accounts for it. You have carelessly exposed them to the son.

---

THERE is nothing like a baby in a home. It seem to fill a small house so that nothing else is missed.